

## Childrens Department.

### TAKE CARE.

Little children, you must seek  
 Rather to be good than wise;  
 For the thoughts you do not speak  
 Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.  
 If you think that you can be  
 Cross and cruel, and look fair,  
 Let me tell you how to see  
 You are quite mistaken there.  
 Go and stand before the glass,  
 And some ugly thought contrive,  
 And my word will come to pass  
 Just as sure as you're alive.  
 What you have and what you lack,  
 All the same as what you wear,  
 You will see reflected back;  
 So, my little folks, take care.  
 And not only in the glass  
 Will your secrets come to view;  
 All beholders, as they pass,  
 Will perceive and know them, too.  
 Out of sight, my boys and girls,  
 Every root of beauty starts;  
 So think less about your curls,  
 More about your minds and hearts.  
 Cherish what is good, and drive  
 Evil thoughts and feeling far;  
 For as sure as you're alive,  
 You will show for what you are.

BOURBON, Ind., April 20, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first letter for the EVANGELIST. I go to the Evangelical Sunday school. My teacher's name is Lizzie Stofer. I like her very much. Last Sunday our lesson was about Joseph sold into Egypt to be a slave. The Ishmaelites sold him to Potiphar. Joseph did not have hard work to do. One day Potiphar's wife accused him for not obeying his master. Then he was put in prison. After that Pharaoh had two dreams which both meant the same. The wise men of Egypt could not interpret. Then the Butler said that there was a young man in prison that could interpret dreams. Pharaoh sent for Joseph. Joseph said that the dreams meant that there would be seven years of plenty, then seven years of famine would come. Then Pharaoh made Joseph ruler over Egypt. Joseph was not idle but he went over all Egypt to gather all the corn he could get to store it up for the seven years of famine.

Yours truly,

DORA MILLER.

SUMMIT MILLS, PA., Apr. 13, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first letter to the children's column. I am seven years old. We organized our Sunday school the first day of April. We have preaching every three weeks. J. H. Knepper is our pastor. Our store was robbed the last night of March. Two safes were blown open and seventy-five dollars were taken.

ORPHA L. MILLER.

How cruel the devil is most likely he took that money so the Lord could not get it.

NORTH GEORGETOWN, OHIO April 7th, '94.

DEAR EDITOR:—Last Sunday I was to the Brethren Sunday school and church. Mr. Hang preached on "Let your light shine." I think it is a very good subject. We should let our light shine that others may see our good work. Easter Sunday I was at the Lutheran church and they took

bread and wine they took it at dinner time and the preacher spoke about the Lords supper. I didn't see any supper.

MAUD WHITELEATHER.

Where should we get the light from to let shine?

STOCKPORT IND., March 30, '94.

DEAR EDITOR:—We reorganized Sunday school last Sunday. Our teacher's name is Miss Ettie Younce. We like her for our teacher. I like to attend Sunday school at the Brethren church. It is at nine o'clock A. M. Our Sunday school lesson was about Jacob's prevailing prayer. I will write and tell about our next lesson the next time. I am sorry to hear of Homer, hope he will soon get well.

IVY RENCH.

JONES MILLS PENN., April 11, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR AND CHILDREN:—This is my first letter for the EVANGELIST. I am twelve years old. My mamma is dead and I stay with my uncle and aunt. They belong to the Brethren church. I go with them to Sunday school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Bennette.

Hannah Sturtz.

How nice it is your aunt takes care of you. We hope you will live to be one of God's handmaidens.

NEW PARIS, IND. April 9, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am eight years old. I am going to school and I love our teacher. Grandpa has been sick. He will be eighty years old the twentieth of this month. I have two grandpas and one grandma. I like too go to see them.

GUY ETTLIN.

Ask your grandma the name of the man whose grandmother taught him the scriptures when he was a child and tell us in your next what kind of a man he became.

NEW PARIS, IND., April 9, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am eleven years old. I plowed ten acres for oats and harrowed and drilled some of it. I hope Homer will get well again; there is nothing like good health. It is very cold here now. I will close asking how many little boys eleven can plow and harrow for their papa. I think we ought to help them all we can.

Yours truly,

CHARLIY ETTLEIN.

You are right, Charley, you should help papa all you can. You can help him in many ways. It will be a great help to him if you are always a good obedient boy.

JONES MILLS, PA. Apr. 14, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—We organized our Sabbath school and elected J. L. Bowman superintendent P. D. Barron Asst., Supt., J. Bennet secretary Mrs. A. J. Miller treasure. P. D. Barron is my Sabbath school teacher. I like him very well. I will try to answer your question; we should love God above all others. Enclosed will find ten cents for Bro. Holsinger.

MAUD MILLER.

What is the eleventh commandment, Maud?

TWELVE MILE, IND. April 11, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I live on a farm with my grandparents near a small village named Twelve Mile; also a creek by the same name. We have preaching every two weeks and an evergreen Sunday school. I have been absent only one Sunday and then I was sick. I hope I will not have to miss any more. We have no King's Child-

rens society here. I hope Homer is better I like to read what he writes. Jesus loved John most St. John xiii, 23, xix, 26, 27. Enclose ten cents for Mr. Holsinger.

CLYDE A. MOSS.

Homer will most likely write more from this on for he is very much interested in the Bible and the words of Christ. We trust God will put it into the hearts of the young people to organize and battle manfully against the enemy of their souls.

CRETE, NEB., April 7, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—A little boy was here to spend the evening, his mother died not long ago. He had a good mother and he loved her. Mamma lets me invite him here in the evening to keep him out of bad company. You asked us what we wanted to be? We sometimes change our minds, but I will tell you what I think I want to be. First, a christian; second, a poultry and seed man.

CLARANCE ZOOK.

MT. BLANCHARD, OHIO, April 14, '94.

DEAR EDITOR:—I like to go to Sunday school. I am reading in the story of the Bible. I am eleven years old. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Minny Freese.

Good-bye,

CARRIE HAUMAN.

We want the children to be very careful not to tell us the same things twice. Our big brother and sister will tire of your letters if you don't tell something new and good, and they will raise a protest against your having so much space.

LANARK, ILL., Apr. 10, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is the 10th of Apr., and it is snowing, and is quite cold, how I wish it would get pleasant, I love to be out doors. I have a brother named Bertie; papa gave us half of the barn and we have a tool-shop in it, we have lots of nice tools and make lots of things with them. We are going to make a bird cage, we all like birds, I think they make a home so pleasant. We have a large and good Sunday school, our last Sunday's attendance was one-hundredand thirty two, our collection was \$2.36. I am very glad Homer is improving, we hope he will soon come to Lanark, so we can see him.

WALLIE T. LICHTY.

### THE TEACHER'S TRINITY OF POWER.

The Rev. Smith Baker suggests that this is,

1. Consecration to *Christ*. A life of devotion to Him.
2. Consecration to the *truth*. A determination to know all God would have you about the lesson. Not extensive education, not deep culture but faithful study of the Word is the requisite. Do not be afraid of *spiritual* helps. Only the vain refuse to acknowledge their indebtedness to others.
3. Consecration to the *class*. Give them personal affection and thoughtful attention through the week. "Next to the Spirit of God, the personal friendship of the teacher is the most important factor in good teaching."—*S. S. Illustrator*.

Some of the best friends the devil has belong to church.

The man who does not mean well is a mean man.